

MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 8, 1896.

No. 7

McGill Fortnightly.

✱ EDITORIAL BOARD ✱

Editor-in-chief—ROBERT T. MULLIN (Law '96).

Secretary—J. C. ROBERTSON (Arts '96).

HARRI DELL (Comp. Med. and Vet. Sc. '96). WM. McDUGALL (Sc. '96).

W. B. MOWATT, B.A. (Med. '96). MISS W. J. PITCHER (Donalda '96).

DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE (Graduates Society).

✱ BUSINESS BOARD ✱

S. G. ARCHIBALD (Arts '97), *Chairman*.

EDGAR N. ARMSTRONG, B.A. (Law '97). MISS M. HUTCHINSON (Donalda '96).

WM. PRODERICK (Med. '96). J. W. BELL (Sc. '97).

J. J. MCCARREY (Comp. Med. and Vet. Sc. '96).

The MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY is published by the Students of the University on the Wednesday of every second week during the College Session.

The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable strictly in advance. Remittance to be made to the Chairman of the Business Board, 113 McKay Street, Montreal. Single copies may be obtained at Wm. Drysdale & Co.'s, E. M. Renouf's, Cyrus Ashford's, Chapman's and W. Foster Brown's, Booksellers. Price, 10 cents.

Address Contributions to Editor-in-Chief, 105 St. Hubert Street, Montreal.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

SOME RECENT UNIVERSITY LOSSES.

The students re-assembling for the final half-session will find that in the interval some changes have taken place in college affairs, and principally we might mention, as affecting their comfort and advantage, the first practical step which has been taken towards the realization of the much-discussed University club; and others of a less pleasant nature affecting the teaching staff, and necessitated by the withdrawal from University work of Professors Trenholme and Carlyle. For the retirement from work of old and tried Professors is always a matter for regret to the students and all true friends of the University. The return of Doctor Trenholme to the active practice of his profession, and his retirement from the Faculty of Law after twenty-seven years of continuous, arduous and unselfish labor in its behalf, is a matter which has not failed to excite the lively interest of the Law students. And the loss occasioned thereby they have just cause to deplore. In view of Dr. Trenholme's position in the University and his long term of service, it was eminently fitting, therefore,

that the students should mark in some tangible form their appreciation of his work, and their sense of the loss suffered by the Faculty of Law, through his withdrawal from it. But we mistake greatly if the Law students, in presenting the Dean with an illuminated address, were prompted wholly by a narrow Faculty interest. It was no doubt felt, in response to a wider and broader prompting, that the University as a whole, not being segregated from its faculties, must be affected by, and partake in the advantages and losses incident to each and all of them. A glance at the list of graduates will show that there is some basis for this sentiment. The graduates of the Faculty of Law, small as it is comparatively in numbers, have reflected no discredit on the University. On the contrary, occupying as they do some of the highest positions in the state, being conspicuous on the bench of the Province and eminent at the Bar, it may be justly claimed for them, that they are most worthy children of McGill, and have done much to set her in a fair light before the world. Most, if not all of these, may also be claimed as Dr. Trenholme's students, they having passed under him as Professor in the Faculty of Law. Without the slightest disparagement, therefore, to the eminent men who have been associated with him in the Faculty, Dr. Trenholme may justly claim to have done some service to the University and to the cause of legal education in the Province of Quebec. As a teacher, Dr. Trenholme has been eminently successful. It is no doubt true that unless the material with which any teacher has to deal be of the right sort, his best efforts will not greatly tell; but where there is the necessary intellectual stamina, the individuality of the teacher and his methods will immensely influence the course of the serious student. In this regard, it might not be uninteresting to note briefly a few characteristics which have always struck the students in connection with Dr. Trenholme's lectures. In lecturing then, foremost of all, the Dean possessed the peculiar gift of arousing the interest and enthusiasm of the students in the subject in hand. However uninteresting the branch of law taken up might apparently be, it soon became invested with a living interest, and the student, instead of being repelled, found himself alive to the importance and attractiveness of the subject. Dr. Trenholme's preliminary course on obli-

gations was always a mind-opener to the young student. If the student came into the lecture room for the first time full of the popular notions as to the law and law studies, they were soon dispelled, and he addressed himself to the work not in a hostile spirit, but as to a congenial task, with pleasure and alacrity. And the absolute beauty of this branch of the science of law revealed itself step by step as the lecturer advanced. This course was always taken by the Second Year students, and frequently by the Final Year men. Thus a great force for individual work was awakened, and an impetus given to each student in his study of the law without which real success could hardly be possible. For where there is enthusiasm and interest, there is bound to be success. In compelling the attention of the students, the Dean's style of lecturing was undoubtedly a great assistance. He possessed the faculty of easy, luminous off-hand exposition in a remarkable degree. Another feature of Dr. Trenholme's lecturing was not lost to the students. He always aimed high for them. He disparaged the notion of McGill turning out "mere lawyers." He took a personal interest in the students, encouraged individual research, and always urged them to do the best work possible. The ideal he set before the students was a true and a high one. His lawyer was a leader of men. In another respect he always struck a chord of sympathy in the students, and evoked their applause. He had absolute faith in this young country of ours, and in the integrity of the British empire. He was strong for British connection, at the same time he was broad-minded, as every man of culture ought to be, quick to see the good features as well as the bad in other nations near and distant.

These are some of the characteristics which marked Dean Trenholme's lectures, and which made them so popular with the students, and which also, undoubtedly, contributed not a little to the success which has attended his work. The retirement of Dr. Trenholme from the work with which he has been so long associated cannot be looked upon in any other sense than as a great loss to the Faculty of Law and to the University.

At a meeting of the Governors recently held, Dr. Leo H. Davidson was appointed Acting-Dean of the Faculty of Law, to succeed Dr. N. W. Trenholme just retired. It is scarcely necessary to say that this appointment will be received with entire approbation by every one. Dr. Davidson is too well known in this province as a lawyer and a scholar to need a word in that regard. The new Dean may be assured of a hearty welcome from the students with whom he has always been a most popular professor.

With the Christmas holidays Professor Carlyle's connection with the Science Faculty also comes to an end. Professor Carlyle's resignation will certainly be felt as a loss in the Science department of McGill. He leaves his position in McGill as professor and lecturer of mining and metallurgy, and goes to the Pacific as provincial mineralogist to British Columbia. McGill has a particular claim upon Professor Carlyle as one of her own children. He was graduated from Alma Mater in 1887, taking the British Association of Science gold medal for proficiency in engineering subjects, and also first class honors from Sir William Dawson in natural science, viz. : geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and photography. Subsequently he spent two seasons on the government geological survey of the Laurentians, and later on became mining engineer at Aspen in connection with one of the largest mining plants in the State of Colorado. McGill, therefore, loses in Professor Carlyle a first class man, but our loss is British Columbia's gain, as the professor will certainly be an invaluable assistance to the government of the great Pacific mining province. The students wish Professor Carlyle every success in his new sphere of labor.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE.

In 1872 a professor of Law delivered a lecture before a society of jurists in Vienna. During the same year, the address was published in an amplified form. The first edition was soon exhausted ; in two months a second became necessary ; the year after, a third was issued ; and so on, until now the tenth edition has been reached. To-day the work is a German classic, and is read by the youngest student with as much avidity as it was in its early days by his forerunners. A translation exists in every European language—even in English, strange to say ! London and Chicago have saved our honor, although only after Russia, Croatia, Poland, Bohemia, and even Greece (not to mention more progressive countries), had given the work currency in their several national tongues.

The man was Rudolf von Jhering ; his book was "Der Kampf ums Recht"—a title in the translation of which the two versions in our language significantly disagree, the English interpretation being "The Struggle for Right," and the American "The Struggle for Law." The title of this article suggests a third rendering, possibly more agreeable to the vulgar idiom than either of those already adopted.

A speaker who can transcend his professional and academic environment and make the world his

audience needs no other title to greatness. The orator who commands national applause, the lawyer who gains even international renown among his class, possess only a simulacrum of that larger meed. The pleader who, in putting off his gown and bands, flings away his legal jargon with them, and speaks from heart to heart, through the barriers of manners and language, about law and its institutions, belongs to that order of genius which, as Heine has said, knows no affiliation of race, and, we may add, no badge of class.

This pamphlet—it is not much more—is itself a “struggle for right” in the plane of ideas. Its object is twofold: to teach the layman the vital value of law, and to free the lawyer from narrow views about law.

The former end is the more important. The author says: “I was concerned, in preparing it, not so much with the promotion of the scientific study of law as with the cultivation of the state of mind from which the law must ultimately derive its strength, viz., the courageous and constant exercise of the feeling of right.”—(Preface.)

The basal thesis is that the law is born in strife, lives by strife, and can progress by strife only. The constant factor in law is thus revealed. The author maintains this view with uncompromising ardor from the first page to the last.

“The end of the law is peace; the means to that end is war. So long as the law is compelled to hold itself in readiness to resist the attacks of wrong—and this it will be compelled to do until the end of time—it cannot dispense with war. The life of the law is a struggle of nations, of the State power, of classes, of individuals.” (page 1, American edition, to which all references will be made.)

And here follows the first of those wonderful illustrations which the author can conjure up at will: “The law is not mere theory, but living force. And hence it is that Justice, which in one hand holds the scales in which she weighs the right, carries in the other the sword with which she executes it. The sword without the scales is brute force; the scales without the sword is the impotence of law. The scales and the sword belong together; and the state of the law is perfect only where the power with which Justice carries the sword is equalled by the skill with which she holds the scales.” (p. 2.)

A luminous figure, assuredly; and yet a novel interpretation of the stock picture of Justice. Others have seen in the scales the symbol of civil law, and in the sword that of the criminal system. They forget that the civil decree is ultimately enforceable *manu militari*, although the display of force is not as great as in the case of penal administration.

The author considers that modern jurists have erred by attaching more importance to the scales

than to the sword. The latter, typifying the struggle to obtain and maintain justice, is, in his view, the more vital organ of the law.

Just as pain is the signal of physical disturbance, so the feeling of outraged right is the warning reminder of impending danger to the moral life. The impulse to rectify is instinctive in each instance, and is no more dependent on moral advancement in the latter case than in the former. “If I were called upon to pass judgment on the practical importance of the two principles: ‘Do no injustice,’ and ‘Suffer no injustice,’ I would say that the first rule was: ‘Suffer no injustice,’ and the second: ‘Do none!’” (p. 70.)

Kant had already said, in his “Metaphysical Principles of Law,” that “he who crawls like a worm must not complain if he is trampled under foot like a worm!” and stated the same idea in the form of a moral commandment: “Let not your rights be trampled under foot with impunity.” (Preface, xi.)

Von Jhering’s position was an unwitting repetition of these words. A breeze of Teutonic liberty invigorates every sentence of his compact little book.

Like every other historical or philosophical proposition, the Strife Theory must itself do battle before it can be accepted in whole or in part.

The first position which calls for examination is that which places the origin of law in a struggle. The Historical School, on the contrary, declares custom, or usage preserved by tradition, to be the primitive source of law. Savigny and Puchta push the Custom Theory so far as to declare that the formation of law is effected by a process as spontaneous and unnoticed as in the growth of language. They consequently regard legislation—the issue of binding commands by a sovereign power—as a secondary and less legitimate means of forming the law. Law is viewed by them as the mere realization, in outward life, of the developing spirit of the nation.

The Custom Theory long constituted the legal orthodoxy of Germany. Von Jhering admits that he himself believed in it when he left college. But his virile intelligence soon revolted from doctrines which gave the preference to unconscious or semi-conscious law, over the conscious and scientific elaboration made possible only through legislation.

The conception of law as a blind growth was intolerable to one who valued the force of individual character in other spheres. In this department alone of human activity, was individual initiative to count for nothing? Was Law to have no heroes? Was her life to be reduced to a mere process of inflection and conjugation, and she herself to be degraded into the yoke fellow of her servant—Language?

The parallel between law and language is destroyed in these sarcastic words: “The principle of the old

Roman law, that the creditor might sell his insolvent debtor as a slave in foreign parts, or that the owner of a thing might claim it from anyone in whose possession he found it, would have been formed in ancient Rome, according to this view, scarcely in any other manner than that in which the grammatical rule that *cum* governs the ablative was formed." (page 8.)

The author was thus impelled to choose an active principle as the source of law. This he found in Strife. And in the recoil from the mechanical ideas to which it was opposed, he discarded utterly the passive principle, Custom.

As a criticism of the extreme views of the Historical School, the new theory was a success. But it erred in turn by absolutely rejecting the theory of custom. Whatever be the value of Strife as a transitional agency, it cannot claim the parentage of Law.

Science has demonstrated that the beginnings of law are to be found in the rude usages of a primitive people. The moment that neighbors or fellow-tribesmen interfere in private disputes, to prevent the violation of a traditional right, law has begun. When an organized force, such as the modern state, enforces the body of existing customs, a new influence is introduced which lifts law to a higher place of development.

War undoubtedly plays an important part in the early life of nations. Their warlike prowess preserves them from disintegration; their military training also accustoms them to the ideas of obedience and discipline, the only agencies by which nations are enabled to rise out of barbarism. Law is thus tribal, or national, during its formative period.

When law settles into the customary form, it may become so hard and fast that improvement is impossible. Such is the case with the so-called stationary civilizations: China, India, the ancient Aztecs and others. If improvement is possible, even although attended with pain and bloodshed, the national future is illimitably progressive.

Here is the most important function of Strife. It consists in breaking up and remodelling the primitive customs. Sir Henry Maine has explained, with great lucidity, how this is usually done. The methods are: Fiction, Equity and Legislation. The spirit which forces the change, and utilizes one of these methods, is that of the struggle of the new ideas with the old. The partisans of each side have a certain degree of right on their side; and a complete triumph of either is not the most beneficial or the most usual result.

The new law should supplement and modify the old; it should gradually prepare its way; it should strike down or throw aside only when the old law embodies no principle of present utility.

This legal evolution may be studied in many instructive cases. The laws of citizenship, property, inheritance, and wills are prominent examples.

The importance of individual struggling is thus found to be, not in the *formation* of law, but in its *reformation* or *betterment*.

In its highest form, this struggle is shifted to the realm of moral principle. The words of our author, intended to advocate a different view of the origin of law from that here outlined, are of great worth when taken as a description of its progressive amelioration:

"The law can renew its youth only by breaking with its own past. A concrete legal right or principle of law, which, simply because it has come into existence, claims an unlimited and therefore eternal existence, is a child lifting its arm against its own mother; it despises the idea of the law when it appeals to that idea: for the idea of the law is an eternal Becoming; but that which Has Become must yield to the New Becoming." (p. 12.)

The author's second proposition is that the law lives by struggling:

"Whenever a person's legal right is violated, he is placed face to face with the question: whether he will assert his right, resist his opponent—that is, engage in a struggle; or whether, in order to avoid this, he will leave right in the lurch." (p.p. 20-21.)

Then follows a demonstration that the decision of the above problem is not a mere matter of calculation. If the feeling of right is wounded, the wish for reparation is instructive. It is almost reflex. And this is simply due to the fact that to avoid the struggle is to imperil the moral life. To take an example:

"Let us drop the consideration of the controversy between two private persons, and in their place put two nations. The one nation, let us suppose, has, contrary to law, taken from the other a square mile of barren, worthless land. Shall the latter go to war? Let us examine the question from precisely the same standpoint from which the theory of the mania for litigation judges it, in the case of the peasant from whose land a neighbor has ploughed away a few feet, or into whose meadow he has thrown a few stones. What signifies a square mile of barren land compared with a war which costs the lives of thousands, brings sorrow and misery into the palace and the hut, eats up millions and millions of the treasure of the State, and possibly imperils its existence? What folly to make such a sacrifice for such an end!

"Such would have to be our judgment, if the peasant and the nation were measured with the same measure. Yet no one would wish to give to the nation the same advice as to the peasant. Every-

one feels that a nation which looked upon such a violation of law in silence would have signed its own death sentence. From the nation which allowed itself to be deprived of one square mile of territory by its neighbor, unpunished, the rest would be taken, until nothing remained to it to call its own, and it had ceased to exist as a State, and such a nation would deserve no better fate." (p.p. 24-25.)

When Professor Von Jhering proclaims that the very existence of the law is dependent upon the assertion by each citizen of his rights, few will disagree with him. But when he states that the struggle for law is a species of holy war which must be fought *à l'outrance*, there is room for serious exception. In the case of violent infractions of rights, the doctrine is conceivable; the defence of a man's property is then assimilated to that of his person. But what about fraudulent attacks, unattended by violence? It is then no longer a question of repelling force by force, but of protecting private interests. The "feeling of right" is an exalted standard; but let the disputed object become worthless, and the feeling runs out quickly.

To say that war is the life of the law is like saying that strikes are the life of trade. War and strikes each have their function; and a very important one it is, in each case. But they mark only the crises, the times of transition, the travail of newer ideas and institutions.

If the "Struggle for Law" had done nothing more than to teach the duties of hopefulness and bravery, it would not have been written in vain. But it does much more. It has vindicated the share of the individual in the fashioning of the positive enactments governing his life; it has also vindicated the right of conscious legislation to be deemed the highest evolution of law. It has shown that the heroes who struggled for justice, even in the face of existing law, are martyrs in the cause of the unborn law. Speaking of Michael Kohlhaas, our author says (p. 87): "It is said that the blood of martyrs does not flow in vain; and the saying may have been true of him. It may be that his warning shadow sufficed for a long time to make the legal oppression of which he was a victim, an impossibility."

The book closes with a panegyric of strife. The æsthetic theory of law, propounded by Herbert, comes in for destructive notice. That philosopher sees the basis of law in the dislike of contention.

The answer obviously is that contention has fulfilled, and is yet fulfilling, a high office in the development of law and of all other social institutions.

The concluding words are:

"The sentence: 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt

thou eat bread,' is on a level with this other: 'By struggling shalt thou obtain thy rights'."

From the moment that the law gives up its readiness to fight, it gives itself up; for the saying of the poet, that only he deserves liberty and life who has to conquer them for himself every day, is true of law also.

Many other features of the work deserve notice, but cannot be treated in the compass of an article like this. The criticism upon the iniquitous decision, in Shylock's case, the parallel between law and love, the fable of the Englishman and the Austrian, and their different methods of dealing with a swindling inn-keeper, are all as instructive as they are interesting.

A final word upon the main thesis of the book. Strife has its uses in law. It is one of its main reformative agencies. But custom, not private war, is the parent of law. Strife is not the life of Law. The struggle between two individuals is a common conception of a law-suit. But the difference between a battle and a law-suit is that in the former case there is no arbiter, while in the latter there is. It is not the prowess of the victor which wins him the suit: it is his power to convince the judge. While it is true that legal revolutions are frequently consummated in a civil struggle, their lasting effects are moulded by the succeeding peace, and very often could not have been foreseen by the combatants.

The industrial age has displaced warlike ideals. Foreign wars serve to-day mostly as an avenue to foreign markets. Law-suits are taken and conducted, in the vast majority of cases, purely from the standpoint of interest.

The struggle for justice is shifted to other spheres. The claim of humanity, purely *as humanity*, to recognition, is being hurled into the teeth of industrialism. Monopoly in trade, and class-domination in politics, are preparing a state of things for which only one remedy is possible whereby the honor of mankind may be saved.

The lessons of courage taught by Von Jhering's brave little book are of supreme value in the present age of transition.

The universal struggle for justice will need all the energies developed in the various activities of the race. The remembrance of the indestructible vitality of Right in the past should nerve the arms of the combatants of the future.

"Truth, crush'd to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

P.C.R.

STORIES OF AN IRISH RIVER.

The Sinh is a river in the west of Ireland, which empties itself into the Shannon. The gentry whose country-seats stood well up from its banks talked of the loveliness of its scenery ; compared it favorably with the Thames, and expected their summer visitors to sketch "bits," or express its charms in song.

The poor people, inhabitants of the scattered cottages or little villages situated here and there along the river's course, thanked God after every flood that not a larger number of them were dying from the effects of some three weeks living in houses two and three and four feet deep in water. For after every prolonged fall of rain,—a frequent event in western Ireland,—the Sinh, disdaining the mild control of its banks, spread far to right and left over adjoining lands. Yet, still the people would build their houses in the low-lying regions which just at the moment might not be absolutely in the liquid state ; and, still they collected their hay into "cocks" near the water's edge, though a season had never gone by without the greater part having been swept down the river's course.

Athleague was one of these periodically inundated villages. Probably the same blind faith in a Providence, whom, as it seems, the people thought after each successive flood might possibly now be appeased, had acted in determining them to add house to house during the first years of the existence of the village. However, that time was far back in the past, and each new generation found itself subject to certain conditions—as it happened unfavorable, but no doubt assigned by the inscrutable will of God.

The village was inhabited by the poorer class, who got their living mainly by agricultural labor, or as "hands" at the large corn mill standing at one end of the village.

The Rector and some private gentlemen had some variously sized estates in the neighborhood. They formed a society of their own, which, so far as human interests were concerned, had nothing in common with the villagers. They were practically two different races. The one employed the other, paid it, "tipped it," and gave the old clothes to it. In return this latter admired, fawned and recognized itself of baser blood.

Therefore it may be questioned whether it was simply the wish of alleviating the discomforts of their poorer neighbors that eventually led certain gentlemen living near Athleague to instigate the county members to represent in Parliament the damage to the country that was being occasioned by these floods, and to propose that works should be set on foot to drain the river, for which a necessary grant of money should be assigned.

These particular gentlemen had large estates by the river, and it was well known that calculations had been made of the increase in value of their lands subject to no possible spoliation by floods.

In course of time the so-called Sinh Drainage Bill passed through Parliament, and the grant of money was made. The works were set on foot, and became the means of beginning a new era in the life of many a village along the Sinh.

Portions of the river were taken one after the other, the bed deepened or the main current diverted into a newly-cut canal, or tumble-down weirs removed, or small obstructive islands cut away. As each portion became finished, and the works were moved on to the next portion, a more or less large gang of navvies followed in the track.

These latter were spoken of as "those Sinh men," by the inhabitants of the various localities through which they passed. As a rule, they consisted of the roughest and poorest class of men, drawn from out-of-the-way districts, whose worldly possessions consisted for the most part of the ragged garments on their backs, a clay pipe and a bit of hard tobacco. In common with other animals, however, these men did like a shelter at night, and to have some approximation to cooked food in the shape of potatoes, bacon, and stirabout (porridge).

When the works came to Athleague, the villagers found themselves for the first time applied to for lodgings. This was a new way of adding to their scanty earnings, and there was a sort of dignity, too, in being able to take in lodgers, though their houses might consist of but two rooms, clay-floored and ceilingless. Yet the lodgers were quite content so long as they were actually covered, and seven or eight perhaps would gather at night into one cottage, and with a sack or two under and a sack or two over, would sleep well, dispersed about the rough clay floor.

And now Patsy Farrell's was not the only one spot in Athleague where a man could be sure of meeting a friend, but the loafers would often betake themselves to the end part of the bridge wall, whence could be had a good view of the busy navvies wielding pick-axes and shovelling away soil, and with their barrows running hither and thither over planks laid from stone to stone. It is true, here they were without the whisky that Patsy Farrell supplied, but they would reflect that that could wait till later on in the evening.

The Rector, as he drove smartly by in his neat dog-cart, would turn to his companions, and tell them jocularly that here were the quarters of the village club.

The Rector himself had a special interest in the drainage of the Sinh, for he had been appointed secretary to the Board which directed the works, and, moreover, part of his outhouses and a yard were let to the same Drainage Board for the storage of plant and

for providing accommodation for their smiths and carpenters.

Now, amongst the gang of Sinh men who began operations at Athleague in the early part of one summer was a young fellow, called Hugh Galvin, up from the county Kerry. He was of rather more intelligence than his companions, and for this reason was more often engaged in the carpenter's shop than in actual navvy's work. Here the Rector's little ten-year-old daughter made his acquaintance. Of course she had been told over and over again not to go near the stables nor near those Sinh men, but to play in the garden or walk on the avenue. Yet the stable and the carpenter's shop were interesting places, and the avenue and garden were not, and therefore she chose to go to the first.

The Rector threatened to get a holiday governess. She would laugh gaily, and say that she was sent right out of the country for nine months in the year, she ought to be allowed to please herself during the remaining three. And the rector would drive off to pay some distant visit, hoping that this temporarily associating with the lower class would not counteract the benefits he believed she was deriving from life at an English private school.

It was little Norah's acquired English accent that especially captivated Galvin. "Hughie," she would say shortly and sharply, instead of a long drawl on the Hu, which his own companions put on it. Then her hair was golden and her form fairylike, and her manner was gracious in the extreme to anyone she cared for. And she used to tell him she liked him, and was always suggesting he should apply to her father to be coachman instead of that horrid Johnnie Kelly. It was her delight to call the servants by their christian names, though the Rector insisted that before him, at least, only the surnames should be used. She had told Hughie all her private affairs, about the girls at school, about the presents she was going to give at Christmas, how she would send him a card enclosed in a letter to Mary Anne, the cook. Did he like Mary Anne? Well it was no use, for Mary Anne had got a sweetheart, and Norah thought it was the O'Grady's butler. And she would be very interested then to hear that Hughie thought a great deal of a girl down in Kerry, and Hughie had to tell all about her, until Norah's volatile thoughts returned to herself and she would interrupt him to lament once more over the fact that she hadn't got a single brooch, and every girl at school had one, and her father said he was short of money just now and couldn't get her one.

Hughie used to think about that brooch. He would greatly like to buy one for the child. She could take it to her school, and be as fine as the other young ladies. For of course, being an inferior, he would not

have thought of offering one that should be worn in her father's house. But brooches such as ladies wore he was sure cost much, and his pay of fifteen pence a day left a small margin for saving.

On a hot July morning, when the carpenter's shop was shut for a few days, Hugh put his hand to the ordinary navvy work. They were cutting away an islet that lay a few feet from the river's bank just below the bridge. The luxuriant, still uncut grass that grew down to the water's edge was being spoiled in its looks by the heaps of refuse from the islet that the men were depositing along the bank. A group of these men were "taking it aisy," for a minute after an upsetting of their barrows' contents.

"Did you hear that Tommy Casey is a rich man to-day?" said one.

"I did not," said the man next to him, taking a seat on his upturned barrow.

The first speaker took a pipe from his pocket and asked for a match. None of them had any, so they called out to Galvin to know if he had one. He put down his shovel and came over to the barrows. After supplying the match he was advised to "take it aisy" too for a minute.

"Well," went on the smoker, "Tommy found a quare old sword-like thing in the river down below Fuerty, and when Mr. Dalton, the engineer, saw it, he offered him five shillings for it, but wasn't Tommy knowing, for he said he wouldn't be parting with it yet, and a couple of days after he went up with it to Mr. O'Grady's, and didn't Mr. O'Grady give him forty shillings for it."

"Tommy was always a wise man," remarked one.

"Sure, he had heard them tell about the things they found beyond Fuerty last year, and that the engineers took them, when the men didn't know they were worth a halfpenny, and sold them to a place in Dublin that likes those sort of quare things, and got a great sum of money for them."

"Those quare things they used in a war in these parts, a great while ago, they do be saying," said another man.

Suddenly the men were vigorously wheeling off their barrows. One of the engineers was coming across the meadow.

Hughie resumed his shovelling.

It was very warm. He felt drowsy, and worked his shovel almost mechanically. In a vague way he was thinking it was a pity to be making the water a muddy brown instead of leaving it clear and sparkling, as it was away out in the centre of the river.

Then there was a cling sound on his shovel,—an extra big stone in the soil no doubt; then a wave of color rushed into the young fellow's face. No stone could cause that metallic ring. He put the shovel down again hastily on the spot it had been rising

from. He cast a quick glance round. For the moment he was quite by himself. His late companions were evidently listening to some instructions from the engineer. He had no time to lose. He took up his shovel and stooped down. There was something brown and rusty and sharp sticking out of the moist mud. He drew out this something with his hands, finding it of no great size, but of curious shape, and seeming under its coating of mud to consist partly of wood and partly of metal. He stepped backwards on to the firm bank, stooped down as if fastening his put boots, the object between his heels, slipped off his waistcoat and let it drop over the spot. Then he moved a few steps to where his coat was lying, and threw it likewise on the heap.

No one had noticed him. And a hundred thoughts were rushing through his mind. He had found one of "the quare old things;" he could get money for it. Miss Norah could have her brooch; he would have enough to treat the men at Farrell's; and perhaps he would have enough to rent a cottage and marry his Kerry girl. But what was its worth? How could he find out? No, he mustn't consult the men around. They would be claiming they had found it too, and then there would not be enough for him to get the brooch, let alone anything further. If he could keep it secret, he would take it up to Mr. Dalton after work and get his opinion. But Mr. Dalton was grasping. He would take it to young Cassidy, the sub-engineer. Cassidy had a regard for him, he thought, since, when he required an assistant in his surveying work, he always preferred to have Hugh.

For the time being, the best plan was to go on with his shovelling and leave the heap as it was. When one of the men came over to him presently for "the lend" of a knife, he was energetically removing the soil. The man seemed inclined to loiter. He stood a pace or two from the coat. Hugh felt sure he was intently scanning it. Yet he moved away without making any remark. Then the engineer directed other men to work at the spot where Galvin was, but immediately after decided they should wait till after the dinner-hour.

That dinner-hour did at length actually come. For the first time in his life, Hugh went on working after time. Some one called to him, but he paid no attention. He waited till the ragged motley crew had straggled over the meadow and got on to the road and were finally on their way to the village. Even then he feared to take more than the hastiest glance at the treasure. Yes, it was the queerest old thing. Not a sword certainly, but perhaps the handle of some other weapon. Wet and muddy as it was, he placed it on the fore part of his lower arm and rested his coat and waist-coat on top.

But he could not possibly reach Cassidy's abode and be back to work within the dinner-hour. He must wait till evening. Meanwhile, where to bestow his find! He had got to the broken-down wall of the meadow now, and for a second thought of putting his burden in one of its crevices. But it struck him, he very possibly might not be able to find it again. Then came to him the remembrance of a little ledge that stretched under the wall of the cottage where he lodged. It was just at the spot where his head lay at nights. There would be nothing so unusual in his going into the cottage now on pretence of taking a sleep. The lodgers occasionally did so in the middle of the day. He would put the treasure in the ledge, and he knew that old Mary Doolan recognized too well the utter valuelessness of her lodgers to go hunting about for possible concealed riches.

Now he lolled in as indifferently as he could.

"Did you get your dinner, Hughie Galvin?" said a cracked old voice from the recesses of the smoke-filled apartment.

"I did so, and I never ate a worse," said the young fellow.

"Did she give you cabbage?"

He hesitated a moment to answer, reflecting whether an affirmative or a negative would sooner end her questions.

"She did not, then," he said.

"Ah sure, that same woman was always a mean lot; she—"

"Mary, I'm thinking I'll take a rest inside," interrupted Hugh,

"All right," said she "but wouldn't you be after taking a drop o' buttermilk? Didn't I get a present of a quart a while ago."

He took the drink readily enough, for the imaginary cabbageless dinner he had partaken of had not wholly allayed interior cravings.

When he had got into the inner room, he dropped his coat and began to examine the "quare thing." Even if the light had not been so dim, he could have made nothing of it. It was wholly unlike any modern weapon, or any part of a weapon he had ever chanced to see. It must be very old, he judged from the abundance of rust on the metal part and the decayed state of the wood.

But Mr. Cassidy would know all about it, and reluctantly enough he put it in the ledge. He was glad to see it was quite indistinguishable in the general gloom of the room.

Not long after, he left the cottage, and completely forgot to buy a bit of bread and bacon, so absorbed was he in the method of purchasing that brooch. He would take a day's holiday—he could now afford that—and he would go to the county-town, to the

town's one jeweller, and there he would get a brooch suitable, he hoped, for the likes of little Miss Norah. Perhaps he would not present it till the day before she was going back to her English school, so that there should be no risk of its discovery at the rectory.

The long, hot afternoon passed very slowly for Hugh. When his companions asked him to give them "By the Rising of the Moon," or some other Land-League song, he refused. He was "killed out and out," he explained. So they chaffed him good-humoredly, and said he was in love.

When the six o'clock bell did sound, and the younger navvies almost to a man sprang out of their clothes and took a header into the river, Hugh flung his shovel aside and strode quickly away towards the village. He was soon at Mary Doolan's, and at her pump, washing face and hands.

"Ah! glory be to God!" said Mary, looking out of her door; "is it going to get married, you are?"

"I'm going up to Mr. Cassidy's," he explained shortly, and went inside for the treasure.

It was there all right. He rested it on his arm again, and then remembered he must put something over it. So his coat had to come off, though against his will, for it was navy etiquette to wear one's coat when off work. And on his way to Cassidy's, not a few told him not to be saving the wear of his clothes.

It was close on to seven, and the sky was displaying its last glorious tints before its light-giver should sink to rest, when Galvin turned into the avenue leading up to the farmhouse, where Cassidy was lodging.

The farmer's wife came to the door. "Is it wanting to see himself, you are?" she asked.

"No," said Hugh, who knew she referred to her husband.

"Well, then, not a bit of you will see Mr. Cassidy, if that's what you're wanting?"

"It's on business," he said.

"And the poor young man is just cleaning himself to go to Mr. O'Grady's to dinner," said she.

"Well I must see him, anyway," replied Hugh decisively.

While she reflected on the possibility, she contemplated him slowly and almost ruefully.

"Haven't you got better clothes than them, when you come to see a gentleman?" she asked, for Hugh Galvin was well known to her, and she liked him for his good looks and pleasant ready ways, and she would be pleased that the "quality" should think well of him too.

"Go on, Ma'am, and tell him that Hugh Galvin is wanting to speak to him."

So Hugh had his way, and was left standing at the door of the engineer's sitting room. Before he knocked,

he pulled on his coat and took the treasure in his hand.

The engineer was discovered with his back towards the door and arranging a white tie before the mantel-piece mirror. The setting sun streamed in through a window to his right, and touched up his hair with shades of gold. The bottom of the room where Hugh stood was in comparative darkness.

"Well, Galvin?" said Cassidy, without turning round.

"I was wanting to speak to your honor on a little matter," said Hugh, waking up from momentary forgetfulness caused by his admiration of the engineer's elegant linen and evening-dress trousers.

"Well, you see, I'm just going out; but let me hear anyway what it is."

"Well, your honor, when I was working to-day down near the bridge, I was just going to raise my shovel, when I heard a kind of a ring sound, and when I looked down, I found this quare thing."

Hugh paused, expecting Cassidy to look round immediately. But the truth was, Cassidy was so intensely interested in the arrangement of that tie, and behind in his thoughts were the calculations of its effect on a certain lady or two, that he had hardly heard Galvin's words.

"And I thought," then went on Hugh, "that I'd bring it up to you, sir, and maybe you could be telling me how much some one would be giving for it."

The tie was finished, and Cassidy turned around. His eyes were dazzled from the brightness of the mirror, and for the moment he did not observe what Hugh was holding.

Hugh now became absorbed by admiration of the engineer's front appearance. Cassidy, when his eyes could see the end of the room, first perceived this admiration, and being not so many years in his twenties was not wholly insensible to it. He pulled himself up more erectly, and then reached for his dress-coat lying on a chair near by.

Hugh remembered his errand again. "And what do you think would be its worth, if you please, sir?"

Then for the first time the tenor of Hugh's former words came home to Cassidy. He stopped in the middle of his reaching forward for the coat, and looked at Galvin expectingly. His eyes travelled over the rough, fustian-clothed form, noticing that a late washing had taken off something of the becoming general brown tinge of the young fellow's good-looking face, and then rested on the hand slightly outstretched. From a glance of enquiry on his countenance there was apparent a change to a look of puzzled seeking to identify, then of the resultant successful identification, and then of the most varied emotions in which mirth seemed wanting to triumph. He was even unable to speak at once, and flung himself into an arm-chair.

"It's quare, your honor," said Hugh, at a loss to understand the engineer's conduct, and wishing to finish his errand.

"Galvin, come up to the table and put that thing down on it," said Cassidy in a shaking voice.

"Perhaps it has got a great value," thought Hugh.

"Now," said Cassidy at last, "look at that, and think if you ever saw anything like it before."

Hugh in utter bewilderment gazed first at the rusty object and then at Cassidy. The clock began to strike seven. Cassidy jumped to his feet.

"Why, Galvin, that's one of my old surveying instruments which got out of order, and I threw it into the river a month ago. Why, man, you've seen it a hundred times when I used to measure by it and you were along with me."

A veil almost literally was suddenly removed from Galvin's eyes, and he answered slowly:—

"Begorra it is, your honor."

Cassidy was not a particularly discriminating young man, but he had a good enough heart, and in a dim way he recognized that the stories of sums of money received by finders of quaint old arms (supposed to have been used in the time of the wars of William III. in Ireland) had got into the young fellow's brains and prepared the way for his absurd mistake.

"And it's better for him it should be so," thought Cassidy; "these fellows don't know how to use money when they get it. He'd have himself and the most of the gang drunk for a week if he had got an unexpected sum of money."

Galvin was moving towards the door, looking somewhat like a dog that had been beaten.

"Look here, take this anyway," said Cassidy pulling out a half-crown, "and get a drink, but don't take too much."

Hughie took it. No other course would have been thought of between a superior and an inferior.

He departed, and found as he went down the hall door steps that he was trembling violently. He totally forgot he had eaten nothing since seven o'clock that morning, and now concluding he required a stimulant staggered down to Patsy Farrell's to get the only cure he knew of.

He lay by the roadside that night, and Cassidy had an excellent story to tell over the O'Grady's dinner-table.

K. BOURKE-WRIGHT.

A NATIONAL REVIVAL.

"An old and haughty nation, proud in arms."—*Comus*.

When Milton wrote thus of the Welsh people he was thinking of the past and not of the actual state of the nation, for in 1634 the national life of Wales was at a

very low ebb. With the fall of Llywelyn in 1282, Wales lost her independence; the men who fought so bravely for their homes against Romans, Saxon kings, lords of the Border, and kings of England, during a period of twelve hundred years, were in the end beaten at every point. Nor was this the worst, for during the next two hundred years the conquered people had to submit to every form of insult at the hands of their conquerors. The "massacre of the bards" is said to be a mere fable, and we are glad of it, still the Celt might have told many a harrowing tale of wrong and oppression without bringing in the aid of his imagination. He witnessed with sorrow the systematic and too successful effort to obliterate his well-beloved language and the ancient and peculiar institutions of his country, the memory of his valiant ancestors and the sweet singers of their heroic deeds. He saw nearly every office of importance in his country, in church and state, fall into the hands of aliens who cared nothing, as a class, for things dearer to him than life. No wonder that, when, in 1485, a Welshman became king of England, there was but little rejoicing in Wales—the spirit of the Celt was broken. Not quite broken, however, or good Bishop Morgan would not have gone to the trouble, in 1589, of translating the Holy Scriptures into the language of Aneurin and Llywarch Hen of Taliesin and Gwalchmai, nor would John Penry, in 1593, have written from his prison to his benighted countrymen with such tenderness. In fact, there is a great change coming over the Welsh, the nation is awakening from a long and deep sleep, clever Welshmen who have found their way to Oxford and Cambridge refuse lucrative positions in England, in order to devote their lives to the service of their countrymen. Welsh clergymen at Oxford in 1729 caught the spirit of Wesley and Whitefield, and Wales was stirred to its depths by their religious enthusiasm and patriotism. Many good people deplore the secession from the state church which took place then, but it is hard to see how this could have been avoided when the condition of the establishment in Wales at that time is taken into consideration. The religious revival was quickly followed by a literary revival of far-reaching extent, and this took expression in part in the formation of societies for the preservation and study of the Welsh classics and the fostering of the feeling of nationality. Then the renaissance of the most characteristic of Welsh institutions, the Eisteddfod took place, and by it, perhaps, more than anything else the feeling of nationality was deepened and turned into healthy channels. The union of the religious and literary revivals has culminated mainly in the providing of educational facilities, unexcelled anywhere, and in the demand for a larger measure of self-government. On looking through the recent

class lists of the University of London, one is struck by the recurrence of the names Aberystwith, Bangor and Cardiff, and by the high positions taken by these men and women from the Welsh University colleges. It still remains to be seen what the new University of Wales will do for that country and for the world in bringing out and training all that is worth preserving in and distinctive of the Welsh character. The gospel of the best of the Welsh nationalists is one of "sweetness and light," it seeks to preserve what is true and beautiful, and thus to contribute its share to the advancement of the human race.

CELTIPHIL.

A NORTHERN TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Let your imagination, my studious friend, wander a while, and banish books, while I try to take you in the spirit far to the Northwestward, into the heart of that lonely country known in scientific lore as the "Great Northern Laurentian Nucleus."

This is a large sized wilderness. In this wilderness many hundred miles in the interior, you might have run upon, a lovely August afternoon, a great tranquil lake, surrounded by rocky wooded shores, and stretching northwards until it vanished among the low, distant hills.

Not a sight or sound of life here, except the white tents, which looked like a pair of swans, upon the bank half way down the southern shore of the Lake. These tents were pitched beside some great rapids, at the point where this lake emptied itself out into another lake still larger. In this peaceful place, beside the subdued roar of the falls, two men were waiting, happy enough to let the glorious days pass one after another and to be alive to enjoy them.

Presently, a moving object appeared upon a barren little hill not far off from the tents, then another, and another. These objects turned out to be three lean grey dogs, who came trotting quietly down the hill towards the camp.

These were waifs indeed, castaways left by the Indians the spring before when the snow melted, and their dogs were needed no more to draw their sleds. They came quite near, then sat them down on their haunches to contemplate the camp, in a manner that suggested the probability of their making a raid later on. This induced one of the lonely encampers to present his gun at them, and the hungry trio jogged reluctantly back over the little hill to their lair or habitation in the woods.

This incident served to rouse up the two encampers to some activity, and as it was now getting cooler they fastened up their tents, looked to see that the

canoes and camp affairs were all in order, then taking their guns set up the little slope from the lake shore and went into the woods.

Now, these woods were very strange and very still. They were formed by a growth of pine trees upon a sandy plateau above the lake and water falls. Between the tree trunks there were no young trees or brush, nothing but an even carpet of a grey lichen, which contrasted strangely with the dark tree stems. As one walked along there was no sound but the crushing of the moss beneath one's feet and the murmur of the rapids growing fainter all the time. The sun now not far from setting cast bright beams athwart the tree stems. Long vistas of the wood came in view here and there, that seemed on this gossamer evening as if they might lead down into fairyland. But man is ruthless, apparently untouched by the peace and beauty of the time. These two men were there bent upon the slaughter of partridges, which are every-where here very plentiful.

Perhaps, becoming aware of the brutal want of harmony in this sport, or perhaps not being able to find any victims, these Philistines turned back early towards the encampment, to the peaceful abiding place, where the din of city or thought of place and power had ever come.

Just as they reached the edge of the woods above the camp, a sound of something striking a canoe broke upon the wanderers' ears. Thoughts of bears overhauling the camp gear presented themselves to their minds, and they ran down towards the shore. Imagine their astonishment to see,—not bears, but a group of tall, wild-looking Chipwayan Indians.

This was an apparition indeed; the Indians were not known to be anywhere in the surrounding country.

Still, here they were, and very much at home they seemed to be. They came forward one by one and shook hands gravely; then sitting down in a semi-circle, began to smoke. As neither of their hosts knew their language, the position was embarrassing, so to relieve this feeling they were provided with some food. One of their number at last expressed himself in the Cree language of the plains, and then conversation became a possibility. It was found that they were the advance party of a large camp which was coming up from the great lake to the west of us.

Soon they departed, but before the sun had set, they returned with all their tribe, coming across the country by the portage path. They arrived, men, women, children in bands, and dogs unnumbered, all carrying some part of their camping gear, even the dogs laden down with a pack, mule-fashion, on either side of them. These much-abused beasts would every now and then get jammed between two trees,

when they took the opportunity to howl most frantically, or would lie down in an obstinate way until some boy or woman came along and beat them out of their fixture.

In the little glade, where but a few hours before there had been but two white tents, a score or so of smoke tanned leather lodges were set up, and as many fires began to curl their smoke in the evening air.

While the women put up these lodges, the men paddled to and fro upon the lake in front, setting out their fish nets.

Bands of half naked children prowled warily along the shore, spearing fish, whilst others ranged the woods, shouting to one another, and gathering together like a pack of hounds when some one of them surprised a porcupine, or any other unfortunate beast or bird. Such prey after a little preliminary torturing was chopped into pieces and scrambled for. Sometimes these pieces were charred a little in the fires, and sometimes they were not, before being eaten. When the women had piled up their household effects and smallest children into convenient heaps, they went into the woods for lodge poles and fire-wood. They soon returned, dragging poles toward the camp, and they set about the building of their passing home. Dogs unnumbered overran the place, meeting rebuffs at every point,—such mangy curs, desperate with hunger! Too miserable to steal adroitly, they were under a continual fire of abuse from the women and children.

So the sun sank that beautiful August evening; and the place, which so short a time before might have inspired poetry, became a scene of savagery, full of shouting, screeching and restlessness.

J. C. G.

DR. TRENHOLME PRESENTED WITH AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS.

On Friday evening, December 20th, a number of the Undergraduates of the Faculty of Law attended at Dean Trenholme's house in Westmount, for the purpose of presenting him with an illuminated address on the occasion of his retirement from the Faculty. The Dean and Mrs. Trenholme received the students most cordially, and Mr. Donahue's appearance, bearing the very handsomely illuminated address, was the signal for loud applause. The address was really a work of art, the College arms and the simple Canadian emblem, the maple leaf, being entwined in a very artistic manner.

Mr. Donahue, the president of the Undergraduates, in his usual graceful manner, made the presentation. He said that he was sure that the address expressed the feelings of every student of the Law Faculty. He then read the following address:

TO N. W. TRENHOLME, ESQ., Q.C., D.C.L.,
Dean of the Faculty of Law.

McGill University,
Montreal.

DEAR SIR,

The Undergraduates of the Faculty of Law have heard with deep regret the announcement of your resignation as Dean of this Faculty, and we feel that we cannot allow you to retire without expressing our appreciation of your unwearied labors on our behalf.

Your long and honorable connection with this University, your distinguished position at the Bar of this Province, and your high personal character have gained for you the respect of your fellow-citizens, and we who have had the privilege of sitting under you as students, and of listening to your historical and philosophical expositions of nearly all branches of law, find it difficult to express in fitting words our regret at your retirement from the position which you have filled with so great ability, and at the severance of the pleasant relations which, we are glad to recall, have always existed between yourself as Dean, and ourselves as students.

To you we are indebted for some of the loftiest ideals of our chosen profession, and your kindly words of advice and encouragement have been a great incentive to us in the prosecution of our studies.

We thank you for the uniform courtesy and consideration which you have always exhibited towards us, and we trust in the future, when you look back to these days, you will have only the kindest recollections of the students. "FORSAN ET HEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

In bidding you farewell as Dean, we desire to express our sincere wishes for your future prosperity and happiness, and trust you may be long spared to take an active and successful part in the practice of the profession of which you are so distinguished a member, and for which you have so unselfishly labored in the past.

Signed on behalf of the students,

WM. DONAHUE, *President.*
V. EVELYN MITCHELL,
ROBT. T. MULLIN,
R. POTHIER DOUCET,
LESLIE H. BOYD,
CLAUD J. HICKSON, *Secretary.*

Christmas, 1895.

Dean Trenholme in replying thanked the students most heartily for the handsome address just presented to him, and said that it would always be a great satisfaction to him to know that his work as Dean and Professor had been thoroughly appreciated by the students. He was sorry to leave them; but circumstances had compelled him to sever his connection

with the University and to re-enter upon the practice of the Profession which they all loved so well. He would not say "good-bye," because he hoped that in the future he would have many opportunities of meeting them, not as students, but as *confrères*, at the Bar of this Province.

The Dean was heartily cheered at the conclusion of his remarks.

The students were most hospitably entertained by Mrs. Trenholme to supper, to which full justice was done. During supper, the Venezuelan difficulty was discussed, and the "Monroe doctrine" most learnedly expounded by our President.

The rest of the evening was devoted to songs and recitations, and Mr. Cooke and Mr. Brossoit displayed a talent in singing college songs that delighted everyone. Mr. Mitchell recited "Marmion," and shortly afterwards the party broke up.

Before separating at the door of Dean Trenholme's house, three rousing cheers were given for the Dean, followed by the familiar Law cry.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY CLUB.

The idea of a Union Club or suitable *rendez-vous* for University men, which has been so long discussed, is now in a fair way of being realized. Delays and discouragements it seems have not daunted those who have been actively interested in this matter, and the urgent necessity which was felt to exist for such an institution has been sufficient to induce them to go on, until at last circumstances have permitted of a first step being taken towards the permanent establishment of a healthy and flourishing Union Club. Of course, it is recognized that the beginning of such a substantial enterprise must be comparatively small; but it is a start, and with proper encouragement ought, by next year, to blossom out into more enlarged influence and usefulness than is anticipated of it during the half session which remains of this year. A fine premises has been secured at No. 73 McGill College Avenue, which has been thoroughly renovated, and all the necessary appointments made for a Students' Dining Hall. Living quarters will also be supplied to such students as may wish to avail themselves of them, while accommodation is being reserved by the Management for meetings of University clubs and societies, according to arrangements which we hope will presently be made. The dining hall facilities alone will be a great convenience to the students, and it is hoped that all will be ready on Monday, the 6th of January, with accommodation for two hundred students. Information as to rooms,

rates, etc., will be given to each Faculty by their representatives, and any other information may be had by applying to the Secretary, Mrs. J. Clark Murray. Further than noting the under items, it is scarcely necessary to touch upon this:—

Breakfast.....	7 to 10 o'clock...	15 cents.
Dinner.....	12 to 2 " ...	20 "
Tea	6 to 8 " ...	15 "

Tickets at the following rates:—

Breakfast or Tea.....	8 for \$1.00.
Dinner.....	6 for 1.00.

These as the minimum dining rates ought to be quite satisfactory to the students. The rates at Foxcroft Hall, Harvard, are not lower.

It now lies with the students to carry out this enterprise. It is a beginning at any rate, and as such ought to receive the students' first consideration.

POETRY.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BIRDS.

I. THE QUERY.

1.

O sweet voice out-welling
In melody swelling
O'er the gray earth,—
From what blessed vision
Of joyance elysian
Cometh thy mirth?

2.

The summer is ended,
The winter descended,
The flowers are dead;
The hours that remain thee
For mourning should claim thee;
Pleasure is fled.

3.

Soft winds, purling waters,—
Song's gentlest daughters,
Now can but moan;
Thy sisters have left thee,
All, all is bereft thee;
Thou art alone.

4.

Whence, then, O Singer,
The blithe notes that linger
Sweet in thy voice?
What secret of gladness
Denying all sadness
Bids thee rejoice?

II. THE BIRD'S REPLY.

1.

The autumn comes ; the summer dies ;
The spring returns ; the winter flies ;
But faith and hope and joy are here
Thro' all the year,—thro' all the year !

2.

These sombre lands, this spectral light,
This shadow of the passing night
Are rich with promise of the morn
When joy is born,—new joy is born !

3.

Beyond the death, beyond the tomb,
Beyond the sorrow and the gloom,
I see the coming dawn arise
Across the skies,—the darkened skies !

4.

Oh, then, though present days be drear
With mourning for the dying year,
When Faith and Hope with gracious voice
Thus bid me joy, I must rejoice,
I must rejoice !

III. THE NEW VISION.

1.

Thanks to the Singer,
Truest joy-bringer
Ear ever heard !
Mourn we no longer,
Our hearts waxen stronger
At thy brave word !

2.

This night of our sorrow
Now we pass thorough
Shall not abide ;
Cometh the morning
With songs and adorning,
Tressed as a bride.

3.

Prepare we to meet her
And blithely to greet her
With dancing and praise ;
For with music and laughter
There followeth after
Endless bright days !

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

BERLIN.

THE SOPHOMORE'S DREAM.

Low burned the midnight oil,
But still, poring o'er the bulky tomes, he sat,
Until the afferent impulses would no longer
To his cerebral cortex travel.
Rolandic area and capsule internal
Rebellious proved to the long continued strain,
And at last, when o'er the eastern sky
Aurora flung her roseate hue
Kind Morpheus claimed him for his own.

He dreamed that gentle spring had come.

Once more he trod the verdant earth, and heard
The robin calling to his mate ; and breathing in
The perfume-laden air. For time he forgot
The sulphuretted atmosphere he was wont to breathe,
But, best of all, the exams, were passed, and that
With honors of the highest class.

No more dissecting knife he'd wield, and to oblivion
He'd consign the nerve-destroying isocyanides.

Rioting thus, the wings of his imagination carried him
Almost beyond the realms of earthly bliss.

But looking back upon the record

Of bygone days, he paused, amazed at the array
Of golden opportunities forever lost, he thought :

" How hard next year I'll work, and never slope
Another lecture, grind, or demonstration."

* * * *

And thus he slept and dreamed, until

The afferent impulses to his thermal centre awakening him,

He realized that 'twas but a dream, that e'en the morrow's
Physiology ordeal might " weigh and find him wanting,"

Shocked by the thought, a mighty wave

Of impulses rushed down the vagi to his heart,

And in diastole, it ceased to beat.

SPEARSHAKE.

GLASS REPORTS.

MEDICAL NOTES.

(These notes reached the Editors too late for publication in last issue.)

Why is it that the meetings of the four Years are so poorly attended? Is the life and spirit of the Medical Faculty a thing of the past? We hope not.

Let every man make it a point to attend the meetings. Let us have some enthusiasm, and make the College aware that we are alive. We are not all silver-tongued orators, but ballots can often be made to speak eloquently. Now, fellow-students, especially of the primary Years, turn out *en masse*, and make the next meeting a rousing one.

FOURTH YEAR.

The ward clinics, now being held weekly by the House Physicians and Surgeons of the R.V.H., fill a long-felt gap. If some such arrangement could be also made at the M.G.H., it would be much appreciated by the students.

Our class is so large, and the professors' time so fully occupied, that it is impossible for each man to get a clinic with them oftener than once in three months.

Messrs. Thompson and Moles are back from Trinity and Toronto. Each reports a jolly good time.

We are sorry to learn that some of the Final Year are still unable to describe the appearance of a congenitally absent kidney. We hope they will look the matter up before March comes round.

The latest cure for spinal curvature, according to C—t and C— is Iridectomy. C— also proposes to tone up the system in case of severe suppuration, so that the pus may be absorbed. The American Text-Book of Surgery is certainly out of date.

Prof.—“What is one of the most important symptoms of emphysema with venous congestion?”

C— (after deep thought).—“A dragging sensation in the region of the femoral vein.” (And nobody dropped dead.)

Prof. (to patient suffering from aphasia, and holding a latch key before him).—“What is this?”

Patient.—“O-o-oh! That's something good. That's s-s-something when you w-w-want to come in in the morning.” (Was he ever there?)

At a meeting of the Fourth Year, on Monday, December 16th, Mr. Geo. Deacon was chosen Valedictorian for '96.

Mr. Deacon, as a student, has always stood near the head of his class during his college career, and by his unassuming character has won the universal esteem of his class.

We feel confident that when Mr. Deacon mounts the rostrum to represent the Class of '96, and voices its last farewell to fellow-students, professors and friends, we will feel proud of him, and not only of him, but of our Class and of our College.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Deacon on the honor shown him,—one of the highest honors a class can bestow on one of its members.

THIRD YEAR.

Some of the boys complain that there are no lectures Xmas week! It is a pity, but they are the victims of circumstances, and, no doubt, time will hang heavily on their hands.

Others are going away for the holidays. Joe Whatyoumaycallit has obtained special rates for those going down East. He has obtained situations for a number, so they will be able to work their passage home. Corncob has been appointed to the command of the smoker; Billy of head-light fame is to run the locomotive; Joe the speaker is to call off the stopping places; and Jim Ireland is to handle the carpet-bags. And H.M.S. “Truro” is to be shipped overland.

The Bytown boys, under the supervision of M. Prodrique, are getting into fine shape for their cross-country run, and intend making an early start. Horace Walpole and Calm the sweeper are to keep the road clear; Shinny and Robelroy are the marshals; while Martin and Climber are to drive them on.

Those going South will make the trip on a bicycle. But they wish it understood that no records are to be broken.

At a meeting of the Year on 16th inst., it was decided to give Dr. Wyatt Johnston some token in honor of his elevation to the degree of benedict. The officers of the year were appointed as a committee to take the matter in hand.

FIRST YEAR ANATOMY.

The heart is a comical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy petition. These parts are called the right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.

EXCHANGES.

It affords us much pleasure to extend a welcome in this number to the *Sphinx*, which came to us for the first time a few weeks ago.

The *Sphinx* represents the student life of University College, Liverpool, and it was therefore with more than ordinary interest and anticipation that we discussed its contents.

While it was somewhat reassuring to find indications of resemblance between our own college life and theirs in the subject matter and general tone of the various articles, it was also very evident that there were many points of difference.

From a carefully written article on “University Settlements,” we learn that this question, of which McGill students have, we believe, heard little or nothing, has assumed a prominent position in the leading Universities of Great Britain.

When we know that undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge and other leading institutions take up residence in Whitechapel, London, or similar districts in other large cities, in order that they may know and meet the needs of their inhabitants, we must admit that they are far in advance of anything we may be doing in that direction.

The following quotations from the above mentioned article will explain the principle upon which the work is undertaken:

“To know how the poor live, what are their grievances and aspirations, it is necessary to reside and make friends in their midst; so the first object of a

resident is not to help, but to learn—to feel out, rather than to find out, what are his neighbor's thoughts—to breathe the atmosphere of another public opinion till many of his prejudices perish. For want of knowledge gained in this way laws meant to help have tended to hinder, and philanthropists have spent their labor and money on that which has profited little."

"The second object of a resident is to let himself be known, to live his own life without affectation or sacrifice or asceticism, to follow his own calling, to do his duty, take his pleasure, and keep up his own standard of cleanliness and refinement."

"A few people who, having received good things in their day, are seen to be neither brutal, nor cruel, nor selfish, but human, and friendly, and dutiful, do something to abate suspicion."

"They do away with some misunderstanding, and make it more possible that united citizens may inhabit an improved city."

In the same number of the *Sphinx* there is also an illustrated article, "On the Links," in which the glories of golf-playing are fully set forth, with shorter sketches of College life.

In the list of the many attractive Christmas numbers of College papers which have been received, a leading place should be given to *The Columbia Spectator*, Columbia College, New York city. Among other interesting articles which help to make up this number, there are two letters written by prominent College officials: one from President Low, the other from the Dean, J. H. Van Amringe. The former refers chiefly to the removal of the University to its new site in 1897, and from the description of the proposed new buildings, the plans for which have been approved by the Trustees, there is no room for doubt as to the prosperity of "Columbia University."

The latter we would like to quote in full, for it could not fail to be appreciated; but as space will not permit, we gave the closing paragraphs:

"If it were possible, and a student should, on graduation, forget all the specific information imparted to him or acquired by him during his course, still, if, day by day throughout, he had faithfully discharged every duty, he would nevertheless have secured the most important of all the benefits that a college education can bestow, namely, the habit of attention and the power of concentration. Of course the forgetting would be impossible under the given conditions, for attention is the handmaid of memory—but it still remains true that the principal aim of a general education is rather to cultivate a habit than to fill the storehouse of the mind. The power of concentration is, intellectually speaking, the greatest that a man can possess, and is correspondingly difficult of attainment. Anyone who has it in a high degree must wield great influence for good or evil. That it may be for good,

and not evil, character must be sedulously cultivated.

"The great aim of a college, then, to which all its other purposes are subsidiary, is to aid young men in becoming spiritually and intellectually free. A man is spiritually free just so far as he is possessed of a permanent will and power to do right; and he is intellectually free just so far as he is able to control all his faculties, and bring them, whensoever he pleases, to bear upon whatsoever he will. With the acquirement on the part of a student of this two-fold freedom, all else shall be added unto him—knowledge, wisdom, leadership of men in any department of life that he may choose for his own."

The Owl of Ottawa University has perhaps received more notice of late than usually falls to the lot of College Journals, for it is not often that we hear of a libel suit being threatened on account of the editorials having too practical or personal a character. We are glad to know, however, that the controversy is now at an end, mutual apologies having been given, so that the *Owl* will still be in a position to give to all the benefit of its wisdom as of yore.

The Christmas number is a specially complete one, and is gotten up in a neat and attractive style. In the contributed articles there is a decided preference for the poets: Cardinal Newman's Poetry, Macaulay's Poems, Enoch Arden, The Night Thoughts.

Thomson's Seasons are all treated in a very readable form, with appropriate quotations. There are also several short original poems, among the names of contributors being that of Archibald Lampman.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

IT WAS LOST, TOO.

A young Irishman in want of a five-pound note wrote to his uncle as follows:—

"Dear Uncle,—If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and I do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die.

"I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, —."

"P.S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:—

"My Dear Jack,—Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter.—Your affectionate uncle, —."

Sir Henry Hawkins has a reputation as a witty judge. Recently a prisoner pleaded guilty of larceny, and then withdrew the plea, and declared himself to be innocent. The case was tried, and the jury acquitted him. Then said Sir Henry Hawkins:—

"Prisoner, a few moments ago you said you were a thief, now the jury say you are a liar, consequently you are discharged."

A lady who was shopping saw her husband examining pocket-books at a show-case in another part of the store. When he had gone she approached the saleswoman in that department. "Did he get the one I wanted?" "Yes, the one with the silver horse-shoe. I told him it was the best and would just suit." "You're a jewel. I feared he would get something I didn't want. Thank you ever so much."

The husband had gone to his favorite drug store, where he asked: "Has my wife been here?" "Yes," said the clerk, with a grin. "Did she get a tooth-brush or a box of cigars for my Christmas present?" "She looked at cigars." "Ha! I know the brand—\$2 a hundred. Well, if she buys a box, change them to my regular brand, and I'll pay the difference—see?" And the druggist saw.

Some time ago a barrister had under cross-examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and whose replies were provocative of much laughter in the court. "And so," questioned the barrister, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peaceably disposed and inoffensive kind of person?" "Yes." "And that you have no desire to follow in the steps of your illustrious namesake, and smite the Philistines?" "No; I've not," answered the witness. "And if I had the desire I ain't got the power at present." "Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly rout them with the jaw-bone of an ass?" "Well," answered the ruffled Samson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon."

SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE LADY.

Mrs. Clancy.—"Yis, Mrs. Muggins. Pat and Oi part to mate no more. Oi wint to the hospital to ax afther him. 'Oi want to see me husband,' sez oi, 'the man that got blowed up.' 'Yez can't,' sez the docther; 'he's under the influence of Ann Esthetics.' 'Oi don't know the lady,' sez oi, moighty dignified loike; 'but if me lawful wedded husband k'n act like that when he's at dith's door, Oi'll have a divorce from him.'"

"Your Highness," said the menial, "the man with the bullet-proof shirt is waiting in the ante-room."

"Show him in."

Meekly the inventor entered.

"Has this garment been subjected to every possible test?" inquired the potentate.

"It has, please your majesty."

"Er—has it been through the washing-machine at a steam laundry?"

The inventor dropped to the floor in a swoon.

"Foiled again," said he, as he fell.

Debt Collector:—"I am collecting accounts for Scissors, Snip & Co."

Oxford Undergraduate.—"Collecting accounts, are you? Very well. I have two or three of their accounts which you are welcome to add to your collection."

Many amusing stories are told of the famous anatomist, Professor Hyrtl, who has just died at Vienna. One afternoon he entered a beer garden, and seated himself near a table at which were a few merry Viennese burghers, who, after eyeing his simple twill suit, came to the conclusion that he must be an inmate of the asylum for the poor. A good portion of their dainty meal having been left uneaten, one of the guests called a waiter, saying: "Here, give this to that poor man; let him have a good feed for once," which proposal was loudly acclaimed by his fellow-revellers. The waiter placed the dish of remnants before the famous savant, who ate a few morsels, and after expressing his thanks, left the garden. A few moments later two waiters carried in a big bowl from which the gilded heads of champagne bottles were protruding. "We have ordered no champagne," cried the burghers, and their astonishment may be guessed on their being informed that "the inmate of the local asylum for the poor" had sent them the champagne as a mark of his gratitude for the stewed fowl, and that the donor was Professor Hyrtl.

A party of young men were talking about what they would do were they wrecked far out at sea and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them. Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who, upon being asked for his, replied:—

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be after savin' yerselves, an' not thyrin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, an' thin come back an' try an' save another."

The late Dr. W. B. Robertson, the famous Scottish divine, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and had held them spellbound with some of his racy anecdotes. As he drew to a close he said:—

"Now, I am going to point out the moral of all this."

"Never mind the moral," shouted a small boy, "gie's anither story."

The greatest trial of patience is a stammering barrister examining a stuttering witness in the presence of a deaf judge.

Muggins.—"Ha! ha! ha! My house was robbed last night. Ho! ho! ho!"

Fuggins.—"You seem tickled to death about it. Did they get away with anything?"

Muggins.—"Lots of stuff. Ha! ha!"

Fuggins.—"What are you laughing at?"

Muggins.—"My son is—ha! ha! ha! ha!—learning to play the cornet, and they—ho! ho! ho! ho!—stole it."

Owner of Race-horse (looking closely at scales).—"Jiffkins, you are a trifle over-weight. Can't you lighten yourself a little?"

Jiffkins (the jockey).—"Got on my lightest suit, sir. Ain't ett a bite to day, and 'ave just trimmed my finger-nails."

Owner.—"Well, go and get shaved."

HE DIED BY DEGREES.

McMulcahey.—"Shure, docther, an' is it thrue that little Jimmy O'Toole bit your termomty in two and swallowed the mercury?"

Doctor.—"Yes, it is, my dear madam; and the poor boy is dead."

Mrs. M.—"Shure, docther, an' it was a cold day for Jimmy, poor bye, whin the mercury wint down."

Doctor.—"Yes, madam; he died by degrees."

Pelletier

Organist of St. James Cathedral and Professor of the Piano and Organ.

Monsieur L. E. N. Pratte
Cher Monsieur

Les pianos droits de votre fabrique — si j'en juge par celui dont j'ai fait l'acquisition — réunissent toutes les qualités artistiques: timbre limpide, chantant et absolument pur de toutes résonnances harmoniques ou cavernueuses, si fréquentes dans les basses des pianos droits —; Mécanisme facile et tellement élastique qu'il répond à l'attaque la plus énergique comme à la pression la plus délicate, permettant, en un mot, les nuances les plus diverses — Recevez mes félicitations pour ce beau travail
Votre
R. Oct. Pelletier
le 28 Nov. 1893

TRANSLATION.

MONTREAL, 28th November, 1893.

MR. L. E. N. PRATTE, Montreal:

DEAR SIR.—The upright pianos of your make—if one may form a judgment from the one I have acquired—possess a combination of all the qualities esteemed by musicians, a liquid and singing quality of tone entirely free from all overtones and rumbling sounds so frequently found in upright pianos, a touch so light and elastic as to answer to the most vigorous attack and the lightest pressure,—in fact, capable of the most varied effects. Allow me to congratulate you on your good work.

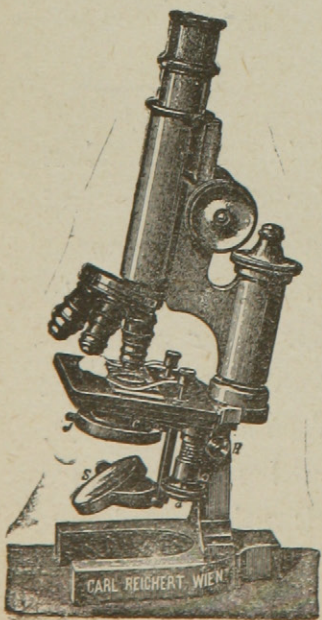
Yours, etc.

R. OCT. PELLETIER.

It is only necessary to know the delicate and conscientious artist who has written the above letter to form an idea of the high value of such an opinion. We have a large assortment of PRATTE Pianos, similar to Mr. Pelletier's, as we manufacture only one size and one quality.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy. Old instruments taken in exchange.

PRATTE PIANO CO., 1676 NOTRE DAME ST.



PATERSON & FOSTER

SOLE
AGENTS
FOR

Reichert's Microscopes

Acknowledged to be the best line in the Dominion

Used in the Bacteriological Laboratories of the Royal Victoria and Montreal General Hospitals

STAINS and ACCESSORIES
IN STOCK

DISSECTING CASES, SKELETONS, SKULLS, STETHOSCOPES, THERMOMETERS,
And all Students' Requirements

GET OUR QUOTATIONS

21 Phillips Square, MONTREAL